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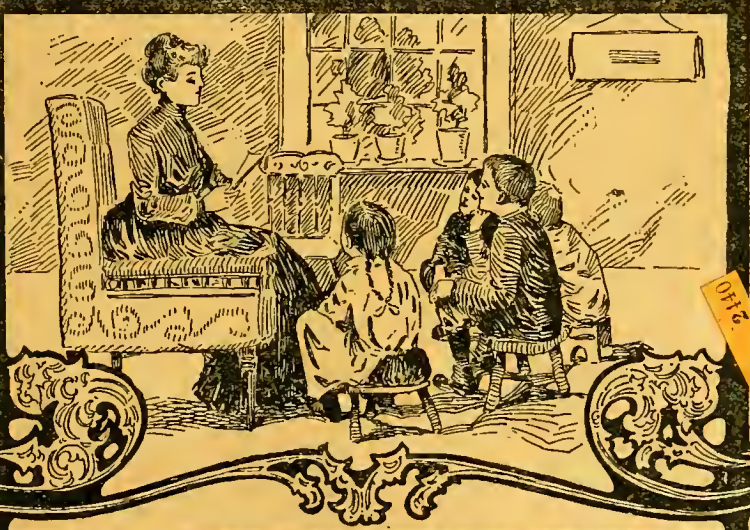

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS.

Missionary Life in Mexico ..... *J. M. T.* 257
Grandmother's Stories of Early Days ..... *John H. Evans* 260
Across Canada 264
In Old Ohio 267
Current Topics 270
Editorial Thoughts 272
Selected Poetry 276
Kindergarten Department 277
Our Little Folks 284
The Final Triumph ... *Words by H. W. Naisbitt, Music by J. G. Jones* 286

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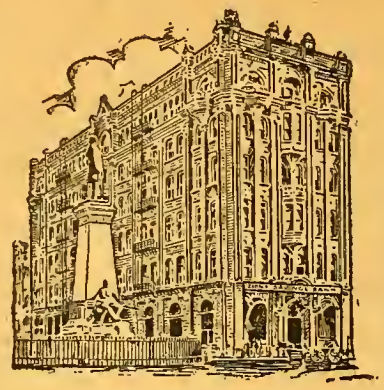

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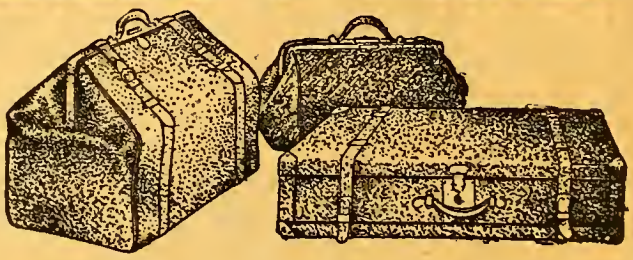

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VOL. XL. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 1, 1905. No. 9

MISSIONARY LIFE IN MEXICO.

ON a recent visit to the City of Mexico, opportunities were afforded of meeting the natives of that land who had accepted the Gospel and who were organized into branches of the Church. During the holiday season, different parts of the mission were visited and an opportunity was given to study somewhat the thoughts, character, and promises of the Indians who inhabit that republic. In the first place, it should be said that the Indians of Mexico are greatly superior to those of the United States generally.

It is not with the elders in Mexico as it is in the States. A little hand satchel with books and a change of linen is not sufficient. Besides the ordinary missionary equipment, the elder must take his quilts or blankets. The nights are quite cool even when the days are agreeably warm in winter. The elder, therefore, has his luggage which he rolls up in a strap or stores away in a valise. For long walks, he is really loaded down. The railroads are generous in the matter of special rates for transportation and fares are not excessive, not even high.

During the holiday season we made our way by train through the valley of Mexico up under the great Popocatapetl to the little town of Ozumba, forty-five miles east of the City of Mexico. The regular fare is four cents a mile, two cents American money. The elder pays but one and one-half cents a mile gold. The ride is about two hours over a narrow-gauge line. Toward evening we alighted from the car and made our way along the narrow streets paved with cobblestones that are so prolific in the production of corns on the bottom of one's feet. After a walk of half a mile, we reached a respectable looking house that faced, as all houses do, on the street. The door opened into a *pateo*, or court, and on the further side of the court was a room belonging to the house, which was formerly a hotel. There was no provision for cooking inside, so a shanty had been improvised near the door on the outside within the *pateo*. The cooking utensils of this small kitchen consisted of a little Mexican stove called a *bracero*.

In Mexico a class of people styled *cargados* has for centuries been the most common means of transporting all kinds of merchandise as well as luggage. They are a servant class who have been trained as pack animals for centuries. It appears

very strange to them when an elder goes along the street carrying his own luggage and sometimes in derision they call the elders *cargadores*. As soon as our luggage had been disposed of, we made off for a meeting that had been appointed at a distance of about one and one half miles from headquarters. We were a little late according to the time appointed, but quite early for the natives who are proverbially behind time.

The meeting house was the home of the presiding native Elder. It was a room about fourteen by twenty feet. The floor was earth and the adobe walls were unplastered. The ceiling was board and roof dirt. A primitive table was placed in one end and small chairs provided for the audience. There were no windows. The door was a foot shorter than the frame so as to afford ventilation. Two dingy lamps hung from the ceiling. In front of the table and at its sides, mats were spread upon the ground to accommodate those for whom there were no chairs.

Shortly after the hour announced, the audience began to arrive. Handshaking is one of the cordial demonstrations that Mexicans seem tc enjoy greatly; for I think I shook hands at least five times with every member of the audience during the evening and up to the time of separation. The room was crowded. Babies were numerous and remarkably quiet considering the fact that they were wrapt up in the *borosos*, a kind of shawl which the mother wears about her shoulders. The Mexican mother is prolific; a family of twelve to fifteen children is not uncommon by one mother. Some such families number from fifteen to twenty, and instances are given in which one woman is the mother of twenty-five children. The mortality is quite great, however, and one would not suspect from the few children seen upon the street that they are so numerous. The large *pateos*, or courts, become the playground of the children, who are not given the liberty of roving about the streets that are extremely narrow and dangerous. Babies are carried

MEXICAN TYPES.

by mothers everywhere even when the mother has an additional burden. The meeting house is no exception and the babies are there.

After some delay in awaiting the arrival of the Saints, meeting began. There is no Spanish hymn book translated from our collection of songs, but the elders have secured the translation of a few songs which the Saints sing with considerable enthusiastic delight. The speaking is all Spanish except, perhaps, some visitor is present to make a few remarks which are translated as the speaker proceeds. The subjects are those common to missionary work and the people listen with marked attention. They are reverent and silent.

As soon as the meeting was over, the handshaking began anew. Some forgot where they began and kept on shaking as they passed about the crowd. The elders were not permitted to return to the room hungry, so a supper was provided. A few of the leading sisters took part in preparing the repast and the elders took their places around the table. About half the audience remained to chat. The women seemed to do most of the talking. They were jolly and ready with their wit. Their voices possess a fine musical tone and most expressions are accompanied by a pleasant smile that reveals the pearly white teeth that adorn the mouth. On this social occasion the Mexican men had less to say than the *senioras* who were much in evidence and rarely gave their husbands a chance to be jolly and talkative.

What did the supper consist of? Well, it was not really an American meal though an effort was made to give the elders something homelike. There was bread and milk and beans. Besides these, however, were the *tortillas*, the Mexican pancake or corn bread. The *tortillas* were served in great variety. They were cold and hot, white and black, fresh and toasted. The favorite, or at least common, drink was a tea made of orange leaves. Various herbs are used in the preparation of their teas which are not stimulating.

The supper over, we proceeded to shake hands a few times more and then wended our way across fields, through narrow dark lanes, down the creek bed, and up the cobblestone streets that are dingy and forsaken to our room. Headquarters are supplied in a primitive manner. Some of the elders have been freighters and therefore know how to cook in their own peculiar way. The one thing that impressed me most in the character and lives of these people is the fact that their intelligence is far superior to their surroundings. How a people of their intelligence can long remain in such poverty is not easily explained. From all I could learn they are as ready in their explanations of the gospel as any people I ever met. The possibilities of their lives are so far in advance of the realities as to be anomalous. The elders have great hopes and it is believed in the mission that some day efforts will be made to colonize them so as to withdraw them from evil influences that seem to be greater than they can bear.

J. M. T.

There is no impurity in water that can not be removed by some means within reach of chemistry, and there is likewise no bad suggestion impressed on a sane human mind that can not be counteracted by some right and good suggestion.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR journey westward from the banks of the Mississippi river was long and hard. It was in October, as you well remember, and the cold weather had partly set in. The nights, at least, were very chilly. We had a team and a wagon of our own, but we had now no cover for the wagon; and it required two teams to each load to make the journey to Council Bluffs. So we were lent another team, and also a cover, by those who came from the west to help us. With this, we took our last look at our beloved city, now so desolate and pillaged, and started with the company toward the Missouri river.

It rained a good part of the way, and the roads were therefore very bad. Sometimes when we got "stuck" in the mud, teams had to be taken from other wagons to pull us out. Every once in a while, on the journey, one of the wagons in the company would break down, and that would delay us all; for we did not like to go ahead and leave any one behind. Sometimes when the roads were the worst three or four teams had to be put on a single wagon to draw it for a mile or so, and then go back for another; and so on till all the wagons were drawn up to where the first one had been taken. Then if there was time, the wagons would be pulled another mile or so in the same way. Of course, this did not happen very often, else we should have been all winter, and perhaps the next spring, in reaching our destination. When this occurred, we could seldom make more than two or three miles a day.

You cannot imagine how disagreeable such a trip must have been. I never like rain at any time, except in the summer, when I am safe in the house. But to be out in it all day, as we were often on this journey, was one of the most uncomfortable things one can experience in traveling. The wagon covers were some protection, but not much; and then sometimes we had to get out and walk. Then came the nights! How we all dreaded them, bad as were the days. For towards the last everything froze, almost we ourselves. I don't want to pass through another such experience.

But we finally reached what was called Mount Pisgah, where we determined to stay for the time being, instead of going on to Council Bluffs, as we at first intended. And I must tell you now something about our new home.

* * * * *

During the first part of this year, I mean 1846, when the first company of Saints were pushing their way to the West, they would stop on their way long enough to make settlements for the benefit of those who were behind them. At two places between Nauvoo and Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, they made such pauses. They would enclose several hundred acres of land with a fence, plant crops—wheat, oats, potatoes, corn and other things— and then go on, leaving some men in charge of this newly made settlement. What a sight that must have been, when the company made such a stay, the men would be divided into groups of ten or twenty. One group would dig post holes, another would cut and trim trees into posts and rails, and put them up, another would plow the ground, another would cut down trees for houses; and so in a few days there would be a large and flourishing town, with farms and gardens where only a week before the deer roamed, the Indians hunted and the wolf howled, without any one to molest them. You see how careful President Young and the leading brethren

were to provide for the Saints. In this way thousands of poor people were kept from starving.

One of these places was Garden Grove, situated about one hundred and fifty miles west of Nauvoo. Another was Mount Pisgah, about thirty miles further on. But as we are more interested in the latter place than in the former, I shall say nothing about Garden Grove.

The whole country in this part of Iowa was then uninhabited. It was so different from the western states, and is now, in that there are no mountains or high hills, but only a wide, level prairie. Mount Pisgah was named by Apostle Parley P. Pratt, sometime in May, 1846. He came to it while he was looking for a branch of the Grand river, and when he was a few days ahead of the main company seeking another location. It is a round, sloping hill, and was at the time grassy and crowned with a beautiful grove of timber. There were other hills around it, each covered with trees. And westward stretched an extensive forest, where deer and wolves might be seen in great numbers. As for the rest, it was one vast, unbroken level as far as the eye could reach. Of course Mount Pisgah is not the same today. Now it is rather thickly inhabited in that part of the country. A man by the name of White now owns the place where the Saints once had their temporary settlement.

When we came to Mount Pisgah, there were hundreds of people staying for the winter. Nearly one thousand acres of land had been fenced in, and crops grown and harvested. The houses were, of course, built of logs; but many of them were comfortable, though the floor was of earth, and the house was covered with the same material. And as the snow was on the ground, it was not a particularly pleasant sight. But in the summer, when the trees were in full leaf, and the grass was heavy on the prairie, no scene could be more beautiful than was Mount Pisgah and the surrounding country. In the forest there were nuts of several varieties, and wild grapes, strawberries, and raspberries. It was then a pleasant place to live at, and we children had many happy times there.

At first father, like some others, built a house in the bottoms, as the hollows were called. But afterwards we had to move to higher ground, because of sickness. The house that we built in the hollow was very small, having only one room with a "dirt" floor and roof. Though the second one had only one room, it was much larger than the first. All this building was done in the early spring, before the plowing began, but after the snow had nearly all disappeared. I can distinctly rememember how hard Willie and I had to work collecting rocks for our chimney. Rocks were very scarce in that part of the country, and sometimes we had to search a long time and go far before our task was finished.

You want to know how the house looked, and how we managed to live? Well, it was not such a house as you children live in. It was built of logs as I have already told you, with earth floor and a roof made of split poles covered with brush and earth. The roof was thick enough to keep the rain out. We kept the floor hard and clean-swept, all the time. The space between the logs was "chinked," as they call it, but father had not been able to finish "daubing" these open places with mud before spring opened. As for the doors and windows, there was no glass or lumber to be found in the whole settlement. So instead of these we had to hang up blankets or quilts. The chimney was on the outside of the house, built partly of rock and partly of wood, because we had been unable to find enough rock to finish it. The

chimneys of those days were all built on the outside; so that sometimes when the house was torn down the chimney might still be seen standing alone like a watchman. Such was our house at Mount Pisgah.

* * * * *

Just after father had finished putting the roof on the house, and about a week before the farmers, who intended to stay, began to plow, the whole family except me, took sick. Mother was the first one to take sick, then father, and afterwards Willie. I was the only one left to wait upon them. At the same time a little baby brother came to us. Father and Willie had a bad case of fever; nearly every other house in that part where we lived had two or more persons down with the same complaint. This was why no one was able to help us much in our sickness. As often as they could those of our neighbors who were well came to see us, but this was not very often.

Willie began to mend, but father grew worse and worse, till one cold and rainy night he passed away. We did not know how to bury him, being all alone, as we were. Next day I went, at my mother's request, to the main part of the settlement, and told Brother Wilson, whom we were acquainted with, that father was dead. He came over immediately to make preparations for his burial. As no lumber could be found anywhere, my mother said that he had better tear up the wagon box to make a coffin of, which he did. All that afternoon we could hear the saw and the hammer at work, and every sound of them tore our hearts as we realized the awful task they were performing.

At last everything was ready. As mother was scarcely able to walk across the room, and as Willie was not yet in a fit condition to leave the house, I was the only one of the family that attended the burial. The grave was on the side of the hill on which our house was built.

It is in that lonely spot in far-away Iowa, unmarked by any signs which usually point out the last resting place of our friends, that your great-grandfather lies buried. And I have often thought what a sad thing it was that made such a burial necessary. But, after all, it does not matter where we lay our bodies down in death, whether in oft-frequented churchyards, adorned by costly monuments, or in the depths of the sea, where no human eye can pierce; for no place will be so lonely or secret but the all-seeing God shall find, and raise us by the precious blood of His beloved Son, unto life and immortality.

After our father's death how utterly lonely and wretched we were! I can distinctly recall that first awful night. The wind was moaning dismally around the corner of the house, and we had constantly to put up the blankets on the windows and the doors. The wolves were howling all the time, too, now far away, now almost at the very door, and we were afraid they would come in. We nuddled close together. This was in the fore-part of the night, for we sat up till morning crying for grief and fright. Then, towards the dawn of day it rained furiously.

In a few weeks after this our little baby brother died and mother wanted it buried by father; but the rains had so washed the hillside where we had laid him that we could not find the place. So the baby was buried somewhere else, and mother never knew exactly where father lay.

* * * * *

But sorrow and parting were not the only things we experienced while we stayed at Mount Pisgah. These gradually wore away with time and the tender care which we received from those who knew of our loss. Besides, we had to

think of other things, so that our minds would not dwell too much on our own misfortune. Those were days when even if the Saints were all poor, they sought to make the best of life and their lot.

Dancing was the chief amusement for the men and women, both young and old. We had plenty of musicians among us, men who could play the flute, the fife or the violin. At Council Bluffs there was a fine brass band—Council Bluffs was about sixty miles further west than Mount Pisgah. Well, when time wore heavy on the hands of the people, they would dance. If it was in the winter, the dances would be held in private houses, those always being chosen which were the largest. If it was the summer, then they would be held in the "bowery." This bowery was made by setting up posts, putting poles over them from one to another, and then covering them with the smaller limbs of trees. Of course, whether the dance was held inside or out, we had nothing but a "dirt" floor to dance on. But we didn't care for that.

The women-folks would then bring out their best clothes. And many of them had some good ones, too, stowed away in old boxes or trunks. Mr. Thomas L. Kane, from the East, who visited the Saints at this time, declared his surprise that there should be so much refinement and good clothing among the people under these circumstances. And particularly was he surprised that the Saints were so joyful under the conditions they found themselves in. But this is what they did, and they had merry times. Every dance was, of course, opened and closed with prayer; and usually it did not continue any later than twelve o'clock. This practice the Saints are still instructed to keep up.

Now that I look back on those days, I can see that some funny things used to happen in connection with the dances, though they did not seem at all funny then. The girls took as much care as they could not to wear out their shoes, especially not those they danced in, if they had more than one pair; for they knew that when these were gone, they would not be able to get new ones. One way of keeping their shoes was to walk barefoot to within a convenient distance from where the dance was held, and then put them on. This was very often done by those who lived very far away.

One day, or rather evening, Bessie Thompson, who lived in the same part of Mount Pisgah that we did, started to go in this manner to the dance.

She had to go about one mile, and most of the way on the bank of a creek. When she was about one-quarter of the way, she thought she saw an Indian, painted and with feathers as if for war, and she felt that he was lying in wait for her. So she turned around and went towards home; thinking that she would not be so likely to be seen by him, she descended to the water and waded nearly home. Still she was not willing to give up the dance. She wanted her mother to collect a number of men to escort her past the Indian. But of course her mother would not do so. So she had to give up the party after all. Not long after she came home, an Indian came along from the same direction as she had come—a great, fierce red man on the war path. He didn't do any mischief, of course, for there were too many men within call. This little incident gave all the girls a scare, so that none of them would venture out towards dark.

Dancing parties, however, were not the chief pleasure of the children. They were confined mostly to the grown people, though once in a while a dance was given for the children. And though we enjoyed it very much, yet we found more fun and amusement in something else.

I have told you already that there were nuts, wild grapes, strawberries, and raspberries growing in abundance in the woods near by. In the fall of the year a lot of us children, boys and girls, would go nutting. Sometimes we would spend all the afternoon at this kind of sport. When the nuts did not come down fast enough to suit us, the boys would climb the tree and shake them down into the girls' aprons. We would often gather baskets-ful in this way, carry them home and arrange them where they would season well.

Later in the winter, when all the nuts were gone in the forest, ten or twelve of us would gather at one of our homes for an evening, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another. The fireplace would then be piled up with logs, in order to make a big blaze. Then out came the walnuts and hazel nuts. The boys would crack them and the girls would pick the meat out, and together we would all eat, telling stories at the same time. When these two kinds of nuts were gone, we would get some chestnuts and roast them in the hot ashes. After that came games like "Pussy wants a corner," "Blindman's Buff," "Hide the Slipper,"—the same games that I've seen you children play many times.

When it was not gathering nuts it was picking berries. When we had picked our baskets full, we took them home for our mothers to dry. In this way we were supplied with a good deal of fruit for the winter. I remember that when we came to the valley, as we called Salt Lake City in those days, we had such a lot of this kind of dried fruit with us.

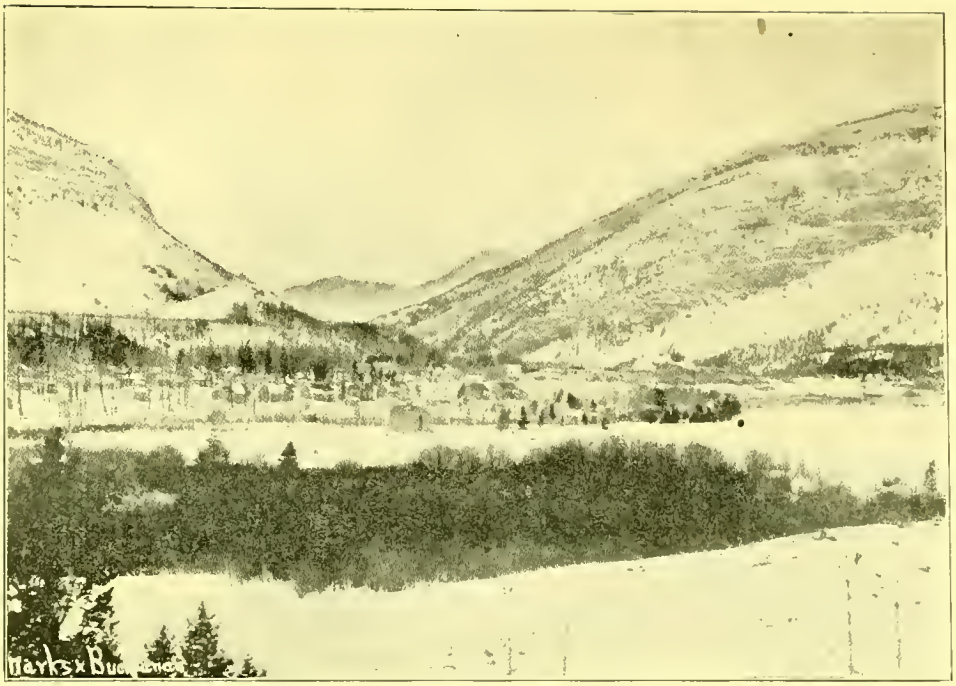
In the spring we made maple sugar. Someone had found, hidden away in the hollow trunk of an old tree, a number of bowls, spoons, and other things used in making sugar. There is a story connected with these, that I shall tell you next time, for it is now too late, and your mother wants you to go to bed. So next time I am going to tell you a real Indian story that gave us children a great scare.

John H. Evans.

ACROSS CANADA.

THE GREAT LANDSLIDE AT FRANK.

SOON after leaving the mountains of British Columbia by way of the Crow's Nest route, the little coal mining town of Frank is passed. Here one of the most remarkable mountain slides took place that geological records give any account of. On the morning of April 29, 1903, at break of day, a huge mountain mass of rock half a mile square and from four hundred to five hundred feet thick, suddenly broke loose from the east face of Turtle mountain and plunged with terrific violence into the valley below. The enormous momentum thus given to the mountain of earth and rock carried them across the valley and up the mountain on the other side, to a distance of four hundred feet. The railroad bed was covered for about seven thousand feet. The country for a mile square was under rocks from three to one hundred and fifty feet deep. One side of the village lay in the track taken by the slide, so that



TOWN OF FRANK, BEFORE THE SLIDE.

AFTER THE SLIDE.

DOMINION AVENUE, FRANK, AFTER THE SLIDE.

houses and barns were swept away and some seventy persons killed.

On either side of the slide for a considerable distance the atmospheric pressure was so great that branches of trees were broken off and shrubbery carried down into the valley.

At the time considerable speculation arose as to the cause of this remarkable phenomenon. The theories of earthquakes and volcanic action do not sufficiently explain as they were not noticeable in any of the surrounding region. It seems most extraordinary that a mere land slide could take the rocks to such a distance and throw them with such force. It was hardly a simple fall, as there are evidences of a slide. The Canadian government hastened experts to the place and gave much attention to an examination of the causes that led to the catastrophe. The decision reached was that it is what the Germans call a "*Bergsturz*," or the breaking away of a mountain mass from the bedding plane upon which it rested. It may well have been a combination of slide and fall of rock.

Beneath this mountain mass which broke away were coal mines; and it is quite likely that great chambers one hundred and thirty feet long, two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high and fifteen feet wide may have had much to do in weakening the base of the mountain. The land slide at Frank will long continue to interest geologists from the fact that no theory sufficiently explains all the circumstances which attended it.

Give thy love freely, do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath,
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

CHAPTER IX.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

WHILE the preacher was getting the refreshment which he so much needed the visitors were also taking their lunch. Their thoughts were centered rather upon the race that had just been run and upon their losings, than upon the event that had drawn them to Farmer Brown's. By common consent, the barn being too small for such an audience, the services were held under the trees, and a rude pulpit was hastily erected. As the preacher stepped upon the platform the throng gathered around him, and when he started one of Charles Wesley's favorite hymns there were few voices that did not blend with his, and many eyes were wet with tears as they sang words of which they had not thought for years. Then came the prayer; not the formal petition so common among the sects of the day, but an out-pouring of the heart to its Creator in which everyone present could join. This was followed by another hymn, and then the speaker began his sermon in plain, sympathetic, appealing tones, that touched everyone of his listeners.

The story was an old one. yet he made it new. He seemed to have a personal interest in the rough man of the frontier, in the women whose lives were full of privations. He sensed their fears, their hopes, and he painted to their eyes the empire that they might yet create if they kept their hearts pure and their hands free from evil. There was little of old sectarianism in his remarks. He pleaded for a higher, nobler life; a life of consecration to the Master's service. He showed how the faith once delivered to the fathers had been changed and perverted by the actions of men, and he called for a return to the simple faith and healthful doctrines of the early church. His hearers listened with wrapt attention. There was neither cold formality nor the excess of sanctimoniousness to which they had been accustomed. It was a heart to heart talk from a plain man to his brothers and sisters. In his conclusion he dwelt with especial stress upon the subject of baptism, as the only means by which sin could be washed away, and he urged upon those of his audience who felt themselves burdened with guilt, not great offenses, but the every day grieving of the Holy Spirit which is incident to mortality, to accept of the rite and obtain pardon and peace. While he attacked no man's creed, he spoke upon the uselessness of infant baptism, claiming that the great Atonement had rendered all mankind innocent until they fell of their own volition. As he talked and pleaded the horse-race was forgotten. Men and women felt in their hearts that there was something in life higher and nobler than that for which they were striving, but something that they might attain would they only live for it.

There was an eloquence and persuasiveness in the tones that commanded the attention of even the most careless, and their heads were bowed when the service was ended and the preacher raised his hands to pronounce the benediction. As he stepped from the stand a score of hands were outstretched to meet his grasp. There were many whose consciences had been pricked by the words he had uttered and who had resolved even in the wilderness to set up the standard of righteousness, that seemed to have been lost when they left their distant homes. There were a few candidates for baptism and almost every good house-wife begged the preacher to stop with her and accept the humble hospitality of her home.

Among those who thronged about the minister was John Strong. A new light had dawned upon him. Whatever there was in him of the Pharisee had disappeared under the influence of the simple words to which he had listened. Edging his way to the preacher he said,

"My name is John Strong and you are the Reverend———?"

"No, not reverend, my dear friend, simply Elder or Brother Hendricks. You see," with a smile, "we don't believe in class distinctions or in making the preaching of the Gospel a profession. You may be a better man than I and may be able to do more good. A simple title does not give you this right, it is the spirit that is within you, and all who truly love our Lord are brothers indeed."

"Well I like that although it seems very strange to me for I've been accustomed to think of a minister as a long-faced, long-gowned, long-sermoned gentleman whose education had especially qualified him to deliver the truth. But in this regard you have knocked old theories completely out of my head. You must be a Baptist?"

"No, Brother Strong, I am not a Baptist although I once belonged to that persuasion. I belong to the Church of the Disciples. You may have heard of them. There are many of our brethren in Kentucky, but up to this time Elder Campbell has had no opportunity of sending men into this north country to preach the word."

"O you are what is called a Campbellite?"

"Possibly so. Many men call us by that name taking it from Alexander Campbell, in whom the light of the new movement originated. I don't mean that he was the author of the new sect but the light of truth burned so in his soul that he severed his connection with the Baptists, to which denomination he belonged, and is preaching the Gospel of repentance and baptism as it is laid down in the Scriptures. We hope the day will come when all the followers of our Lord will see eye to eye, when the formality of churches will be laid aside and all mankind will return to the humble faith and simple practices that were common in the church of olden days. That is the reason why we call ourselves sometimes the Church of Christ and sometimes the Church of the Disciples, for what higher title can a man bear than that of being a true disciple of the lowly Nazarene."

"That is just what I have thought while you have been preaching," replied Strong. "You have given me new light, new hope, and a greater love for my fellow men. I believe that I have been a Pharisee; but if the Lord will accept my services, I shall try to do better in the future, and never, after hearing your words, can I judge my brethren as I once did. Elder Hendricks will you baptize me?"

"Baptize you, my brother! with all my heart, if you truly believe that Jesus is the Savior of men, and that through His atonement your sins may be forgiven. And, Brother Strong, if you feel that baptism is right for you, there is one verse of the Savior's which I wish you always to remember and put in practice, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' The great trouble with the churches of today is that the ministers have all the light, do all the shining, and the people walk in their reflected glory."

"Well, I never thought of that before, but I believe it is so. I have a friend whom I would like to bring to you, so I'll go and find him and return."

No sooner had John gone than there were others to crowd around Elder Hendricks with the same question and the

same desires that Strong had expressed, and a baptism in the neighboring creek was appointed for that very evening. John had little difficulty in finding Daniel, upon whom the sermon had had also a powerful effect, but he was unwilling to become a candidate for baptism, or to seek a personal interview with the preacher.

"Let me think it over," he said. "I believe he comes pretty near the truth; in fact, he preaches many things that I have believed in for a long time, but I'm not ready to accept all of his doctrines. He will be here again, for by those that are pressing around him now there will be quite a church started in this neighborhood, and then I may be able to learn a few things of which I am now in doubt."

As the sun was setting behind the trees, a group of men and women stood by the bank of the river, a hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, then Elder Hendricks went into the water and, taking the candidates one by one, immersed them in the clear stream, for in his sermon he had laid especial stress upon the fact that immersion alone was the true mode of baptism. When the simple ceremony was over the teams were harnessed and the great farm-wagons started away from Farmer Brown's on their devious paths through the forest.

The baptism of John Strong had created a powerful impression upon the minds of the Ballantyne family. While he had been religious, pious in fact, he had never discussed his creed with any of them. But now his tongue seemed loosed and he spoke with the joy and certainty that made his hearers wonder.

"It's all right, John," said Farmer Ballantyne, "if a man wants to do that sort of thing; but as for me, I've brought my family up to believe that so long as they do right and injure no man, their chance in the next world will be as good as anybody's. I never was much on preachin' myself, but I always believed in doing as I'd be done by, and that's a good enough creed for anybody."

"Yes," said Daniel, "that's a good creed, but, to my notions, it's not good enough for everybody. There is truth to be found somewhere; and while Parson Hendricks came as near the truth as any man I ever heard, he didn't go quite far enough to satisfy me. I believe that somehow, somewhere, sometime God will reveal Himself to His people. If He did it in early days, why shouldn't He do it today? It seems to me, if I read my Bible aright, that every blessing which He has promised His children could be realized today if they were able to accept that which the Lord would give. My father used to tell me that these notions meant heresy; that the Lord had not spoken to man for eighteen hundred years. But from what I can see, every man who has started a church has had his own idea of God and of the divine commandments, and has built his church to satisfy his notions. I believe in the Lord, and I believe in the Bible, but I am not going to join any sect until my heart tells me that it is the church which the Lord has chosen, and I believe that some day He will lead me unto the truth."

"Oh, pshaw," said Strong, "why, Daniel, can't you see that is impossible? There is no need of the Lord revealing Himself today. All that we need for our guidance is found in the Bible, and the closer we get to its teachings the happier and the better men and women we shall be."

"That may be true," said Daniel, "but there is something in my heart that tells me that I have not yet found what I want. I feel like a man who is trying to get rich; the more he has the more he

wants. Perhaps I don't know when I'm well off; at all events, I'll be contented to have you call me a heretic for a little while, until I can make up my mind definitely upon the matter,"

"There!" exclaimed Mary, "I wish you boys would quit your quarreling. Father's church is good enough for me; and if you two are going to turn into preachers, I'm mighty glad that the parson comes only once a year. You'd better talk about the clearing that you're going to make tomorrow, and not so much about religion. We ain't any of us going to die this year."

And having thus tabooed the subject in which the young men were most interested, she felt that she had gained a point, and the rest of the ride was enjoyed in silence, save for an exceptional exclamation from the driver. directed to his team.

CURRENT TOPICS.

REDEEMING THE DESERT.

ABOUT the richest land in the world is what we commonly style desert land. It is rich in those mineral elements that are necessary for plant growth. A very large percentage of the land in the western part of the United States consists of deserts. The redemption of this land is, perhaps the greatest problem to be solved in the agricultural world. Two plans are under way for this work. The federal government has appropriated millions for the construction of great reservoirs to collect our flood waters in the spring, waters that heretofore represented millions of dollars waste. The huge dams for these reservoirs will be constructed under the supervision of government engineers and will be therefore of the most substantial character. Under federal supervision and aid, millions of acres of land rich in elements needed for vegetable growth will be brought under cultivation.

Another plan for bringing arid lands under cultivation is the pumping system. Two very remarkable discoveries have been made in the last ten years; one is the discovery of immense oil fields in Texas and California on the rim of the great deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, the other is that beneath these great deserts, immense quantities of subterranean water flow. In southwestern Arizona, near Phœnix, pumps are at work by means of electricity that bring great irrigation streams to the surface. The water there seems to come from what are really subterranean lakes. Little did people imagine that beneath these dry, parched deserts water existed in great abundance. The same is true of New Mexico.

The question of pumping water to the surface is one now occupying the attention of experimenters and farmers. Can it be done on a paying basis? Some experiments have been recently carried on at the New Mexico experiment station that are very interesting as well as encouraging. As tests, crude oil, kerosene, and gasoline were used. It was found that a ten hour run of a pump under exactly the some conditions cost for crude oil $3.05, for kerosene $6.57, and for gasoline $6.65. The cost of the crude oil at Mesilla Park, New Mexico, was $2.82 per

barrel of 50½ gallons, or about 5 3-5 cents per gallon. This is really cheaper than electricity at the present rate of charges for the power.

Now the question naturally arises in the mind of the practical farmer, What would that rate cost to water an acre of ground? Of course that depends upon the number of irrigations the land receives in a season. Some parts of the season the amount of water required would not exceed two inches per acre. The dryer parts of the summer would require perhaps six inches. The following table is most interesting and shows that pumping for agricultural purposes is wholly feasible where the land is anywhere near a railroad. To estimate properly the expense of irrigation under this system, it should be said that the cost of running the pump ten hours by crude oil is $3.05, and twenty-four hours, $7.07. The amount of water lifted by the pump under the tests made is 1,903 gallons per minute. As the table shows the experiment included kerosene and gasoline, it may further be added that it cost $6.57 to run the pump ten hours by kerosene and $15.76 for twenty-four hours. The cost of gasoline is practically the same.

These experiments are not only valuable for New Mexico and Arizona, but also for Utah where subterranean waters are found in abundance.

While the expense of irrigation under the pumping system is, of course, higher than in our irrigated districts, it must be remembered that values for farm products are greater. Again, modern farming requires a more rigid application of its scientific principles. Young men who are today learning scientific agriculture and horticulture with a view to their application have much to encourage them in these recent developments.

We know that on many of these desert places a luxuriant growth of vegetation once existed. The redemption of the desert is now going forward at a rapid pace. In a few years millions of acres of land will respond to these new inventions and discoveries. Agriculture is still a fundamental principle of both material and moral welfare. We should not lose sight of the moral factor that is a part of a farmer's life. We must deal industriously with nature, for she demands a strict accounting. She cannot be deceived for the profit of any man. She rewards the industrious and punishes the slothful.

Kind of Oil.	Gallons pumped per minute Average.	Acres Irrigated in 10 Hours. Inches Deep.					Acres Irrigated in 24 Hours. Inches Deep.				
		2	3	4	5	6	2	3	4	5	6
Crude Oil	1088	12.02	8.01	6.01	4.81	4.01	28.85	19.23	14.42	11.54	9.62
Kerosene	1082	11.95	7.97	5.98	4.78	3.98	28.69	19.13	14.35	11.38	9.56
Gasoline	1096	12.11	8.07	6.05	4.84	4.04	29.06	19.37	14.53	10.62	9.69

SALT LAKE CITY, - MAY 1, 1905

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent.
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent.

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OUR GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE regular Semi-annual Conference of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, convened in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, April 9th, 1905, at 7 o'clock, General Superintendent Joseph F. Smith presiding.

Present: of the General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, George Reynolds, Joseph M. Tanner; most of the members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, several Apostles, and a congregation which taxed the capacity of the tabernacle.

The Ogden Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of Elder Joseph Ballantyne, sang the Sunday School song, "True to the Faith," composed by Elder Evan Stephens.

Prayer was offered by Elder Charles J. Ross.

Anthem, "Lord of Heaven"—Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

Secretary George D. Pyper called the roll of stakes,—50 out of 55 answered present. The following missions were also represented: California, Colorado, Eastern States, Japan and the Northwestern States.

The Secretary also read the following items culled from the 1904 annual report of Sunday Schools:

Total number of Sunday Schools in the Church, 1085, an increase of 27 schools since the previous report. The reports show a total of 106,212 souls in the wards between the ages of 4 and 20 years, and of these 89,031 are enrolled in the Sunday Schools, leaving the number not enrolled at 17,181. School sessions held 46,599. Total number of officers and teachers 17,219, an increase of 948 over 1903; average per cent of attendance, 70. Male pupils, 57,969; female pupils, 61,338—total 119,309—an increase of 3,819. There were 3,369 more girls than boys in the schools last year. Stake and general officers not enrolled in the Sunday Schools, 473; grand total, 136,999—a total increase of 4811. Number of Latter-day Saint children over eight years of age not baptized 2,085. Eighty-four per cent of

the officers and pupils keep the Word of Wisdom, and ninety-four per cent of the officers and teachers are tithe-payers. Volumes in Sunday School circulating libraries 25,664—an increase of 2,918 during the year.

Secretary George D. Pyper then presented the officers of the Deseret S. S. Union, who were unanimously sustained as follows:

Joseph F. Smith, general superintendent; George Reynolds, first assistant general superintendent; Jos. M. Tanner, second assistant general superintendent; Joseph F. Smith, George Reynolds, Joseph M. Tanner, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, John W. Taylor, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, George D. Pyper, Henry Peterson, Anthon H. Lund, John R. Winder, James E. Talmage, George M. Cannon, Horace Cummings, Josiah Burrows, Wm. A. Morton, members of the board; George D. Pyper, general secretary; Wm. A. Morton, assistant secretary; George Reynolds, treasurer; William A. Morton, business manager; Joseph F. Smith, editor JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; George Reynolds, Jos. M. Tanner, assistant editors; George D. Pyper, business manager JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The Ogden Tabernacle Choir sang "O, Italia," Elder James E. Talmage then spoke as follows on

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The topic just announced appears in the published list of prescribed subjects on which papers are to be prepared for presentation at the appointed district conventions of Sunday School workers. Already many questions and general enquiries have come up in connection with the listing of this subject, and it may be the consideration of this fact that has caused the committee in charge to give place on the program for this brief comment.

The terms "theology" and "religion" are admittedly used in varied applications and with meaning ranging from that of synonyms to that of complete contrast and difference.

By derivation, "theology" is the name of a science—the science dealing with man's knowledge of God and necessarily comprising consideration of the relationship existing between God and His offspring—man.

In this connection let it be remembered that the term "science" is not infrequently misapplied. It does not mean mere knowledge; discriminated facts though bearing on the same subject, and perhaps each of great importance, do not constitute a science. By way of illustration: the uncivilized Indian has much knowledge of the plants and animals with which his mode of life insures him a close acquaintance. He is able to tell you just where the early flowers are most likely to be found; he knows the habitat and properties of his medicinal herbs; the haunts of the different kinds of birds, and the habits of the wild beasts. Yet he cannot be credited with skill as a botanist or a zoologist.

Take a further analogy: A house is more than a simple collection of building stuff. Though stone and brick, wood, iron and glass, mortar and plaster, and all else required in the way of actual material were brought together and piled or stacked on the selected site, there yet would be no house. First, the ground must be prepared, then the foundation stones are to be set, each in its place, true to square and compass; the bricks are laid course on course. then the roof is placed on the supporting walls, and other operations follow in their order.

Demonstrated facts—the substance of knowledge—are the building blocks of which the particular science comprising them is constructed. A science therefore implies a collated collection of facts—knowledge that is so classified and arranged as to show forth the relation of part to part and of all the parts to the whole.

Theology, then, regarded as a separate and distinct science, comprises our collated and classified knowledge as to "the being and attributes of God, His relations to us, the dispensations of His providence, His will in respect to our actions, and His purposes with respect to our end."

Through the prevalent disregard of this relationship between facts and truths the power to see things in their proper perspective is weakened or lost; and the man of a single idea magnifies to distortion a fragment of a great truth, and darkens his vision to all else.

The acceptance of theological truths implies, of course, a belief that they are what they are claimed to be; but such belief may be little more than mental assent or acceptance, having to do therefore with the intellect rather than with the heart of man.

Religion is the actual living in accordance with the laws of God, whether those laws have been studied as theological propositions or not. Religion is primarily based on faith and abiding trust in Deity, not on mere belief such as may spring from the intellect and be wholly lacking in the conviction of the heart.

The jurist or the statesman may have given long and mature study to the science of the law; he may have become conversant with the codes of every nation, existing and ancient; he may be intellectually strong as an authority on intricacies of legal construction, an accepted arbiter on difficult questions in controversy, nevertheless he may be a wanton, wilful violator of the very laws he helped to frame. It is not enough that he win triumph in polemic discussion as to the philosophy of the laws against theft, licentiousness or homicide, for in spite of such skill and ability, he may yet be a robber, a libertine, a murderer. Indeed, I have not learned that lawyers and statesmen have won for themselves a distinctive position of supremacy among law-abiding citizens, nor am I convinced that only by conning the tomes of legal lore or by graduating from a law school, can I hope to live in accordance with the laws of my country.

So, too, the objective study of theology, the investigation of theological principles by the effort of the mind alone may fail to warm the heart with even the faintest glow of religious fervor, and may never enlighten the soul with the purifying, germ-destroying beams from the source divine.

Satan himself has shown much craft as a theologian, and has established a reputation as an arch accuser. He quoted scripture to the Christ in the hour of physical weakness following the long weeks of fasting in the wilderness, and sought by misapplication to cite argument and reason in his attempt to thwart the purposes of the Father.

Religion, I repeat, is more than knowledge, though that knowledge be classified, and codified, and annotated to perfection. Religion is the application of the laws of God in our lives, the living up to all we have learned as to our duty, and it entails the obligation to so live until right life is a part of our natures and calls not for rule and rote at every turn. The religious man, with the love of God in his soul, pursues his life of service and righteousness without stopping to ask by what rule or law each act is prescribed or forbidden.

Now a word as to the teaching of theology and the inculcation of the spirit of true religion in our Sunday School work. Remember that the purpose of the great cause we represent in this organization is to develop in every soul the testimony of eternal truth, and the spirit of true religion. Under that influence the subject-matter of our theology may be investigated to the fullest possible extent, for the application of every added truth will follow as the student advances. The subjects to be studied in a course in theology are of themselves sacred to the religiously-inclined, and will be treated with the sanctity they deserve. While plainly proper subjects for earnest, truth-seeking investigation, the laws of God are not to be made topics of acrimonious debate and ill-inspired discussion, in which the struggle is for triumph rather than truth. Let culture in theology and nurture in religion be given together. Theology may develop strength, religion insures health of soul. Consider the definition written by the inspiration of olden times: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." (James 1: 27).

The religion professed by the Latter-day Saints is distinctly practical. Our profession demands that we be honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and that we seek to do good to all; that we shall strive after all that is virtuous, lovely, of good report, and praiseworthy.

Among the questions that have already risen from the presentation of this subject to Sunday School workers, is one upon which I am asked specifically to speak. It is this: Is it not true that our religion does not differ materially from that of any other denomination, while our theology does? My personal answer to this direct question is simple and terse: No! such is not true. To me the religion taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is essentially different from that professed by other sects, even the other sects that are called Christian. True, we in common with them recognize the usual requirements as to the morals of life, and denounce immorality as wholly inconsistent with religious profession, but morality is but a part of our religion, though as such a part strict morality is essential and imperative.

Our religion embraces more than the codified moral law as usually understood, it comprises right living according to the intuitions of righteousness inborn, and the added active, positive compliance with the revealed law of God. And by one of the most prominent declarations of our doctrine and practice we hold ourselves ready to receive other revelations as to the will of God respecting us. We claim that our Church is the only church on earth authorized to bear the title "The Church of Jesus Christ," that it is the sole repository of the holy priesthood, and therefore the one Church through which the gifts and blessings of the priesthood are manifested.

But, the questioner may yet ask—is this not a distinction between our theology and the theologies of other so-called churches rather than a difference between our religion and the religions of other people? The difference is a vital one, both in theological system and religious practice. The man who accepts the distinction between this people and other sects as one of cold theologic law alone and not as one entering into his practice as a professed member of this Church is not imbued with the spirit of this latter-day gospel, the spirit of the new and everlasting covenant; and to him I would answer the question personally — there may not be much to distinguish your religion from that of others who profess less.

There is a dangerous tendency manifested by a few of our people to regard their religion less and less as a distinctive system, their Church as but one among many churches, and their responsibilities as not different from those of people in no wise claiming to be children of the covenant. Toleration of the beliefs of others is a cardinal feature of our profession; we claim the rights of worship and religious practice for ourselves, and accord such to others freely and without discrimination. But however I may strive to secure religious freedom for myself and others, I cannot lose sight of the fact that to me my Church is the one and only Church offering the blessings of the priesthood of God and the promise of continued tuition and instruction by increasing revelation of His truth.

May the unhindered progress of our Sunday School work speedily develop such a system of instruction, both by precept and example, that the youth of Zion shall become learned in the law of the gospel and valiant in the practice thereof the working out of goodly lives in the flesh, and to the securing of eternal lives in the celestial home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SELECTED POETRY.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good—she had promised:
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meetinghouse windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet.
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame, in her mother's lap.

BIRDS IN SPRING.

Listen! What a sudden rustle
Fills the air!
All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere.

Such a ceaseless croon and twitter
Overhead!
Such a flash of wings that glitter
Wide outspread!

Far away I hear a drumming—
Tap, tap, tap!
Can the woodpecker be coming
After sap?

What does all this haste and hurry
Mean, I pray?
All this out-door flush and flurry
Seem to say?

This presaging stir and humming,
Thrill and call?
Mean? It means that spring is coming,
That is all!

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

"RING-A-ROUND."

SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1905.

1. Song.

2. Hymn.

"Little Lambs so White and Fair."

3. Prayer.

4. Song

Let us look around the room at our pretty pictures; they all help to make the room brighter. Is there anything else here that is waiting here each Sunday? The chairs, etc. Would you like to say good morning to these things? There is a song that says,

Good morning Sunday School room,
With walls and pictures bright,
Good morning to the children, too,
Who come here with delight.
Our little chairs have waited long,
For every child today,
Our little chairs have waited here
For every child today.

Music in Hill Book 6.

5. Morning Talk.

Birds, continued.

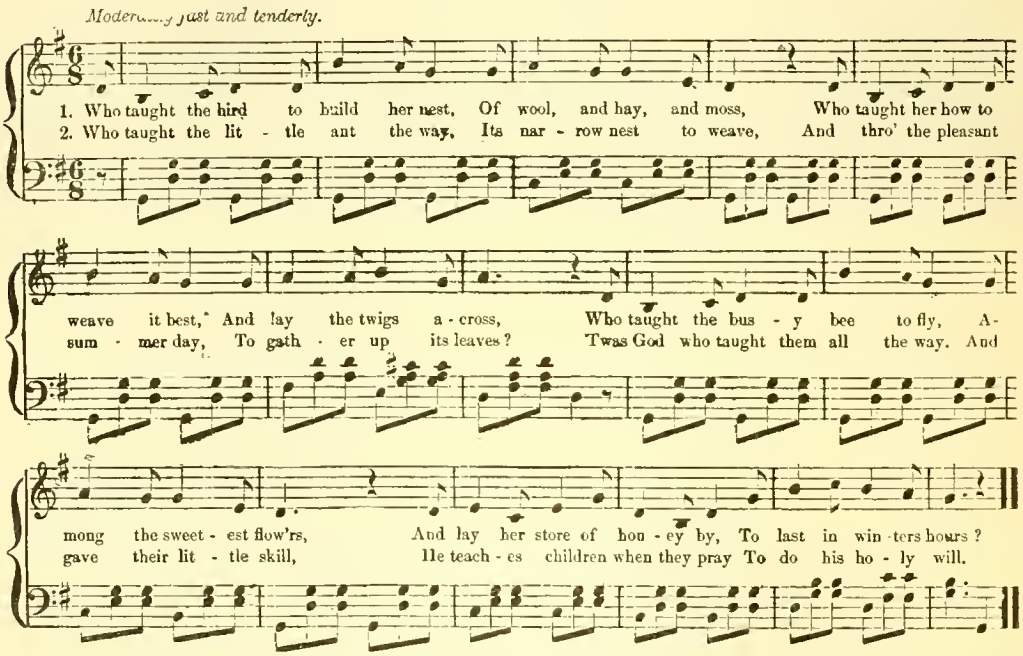
Last Sunday you told me about some birds, and today we have more to tell about them. Did any child hear a pretty bird song? or see any new birds just come

from the south, or perhaps they come from somewhere else? (Let the children tell what they observed). What is it that the tiny birdlings say? Peep, peep. And then the kind mother and father birds fly away to get them some food, and when they return they feed the tiny birdlings; but not as our parents feed us. Who can tell us how the mother and father bird feed their babies? They have such a pleasant time after they are fed, they rock to sleep, or perhaps learn to fly. Did you know that when mother and father birds teach their birdlings to fly they sometimes push the little things right out of the nest? It doesn't hurt them, though, for their little wings spread right out and then they can fly as if they had known how before.

One little sparrow had learned to fly;
But his little brother dared not try;
Mother sparrow, quite surprised,
Said, "This will never do,"
And went behind and pushed him off,
And he flew too.

Once there was a little bird who was just learning to fly, and his mother flew over a stream to see if he too would fly over. Well, he was afraid to try to fly over, so what do you think he did? He flew and hopped along until he saw a branch bending over the stream, and then he hopped onto the branch, and very carefully hopped over it right on to the other side of the stream. His mother was waiting for him, and oh, he was glad to get over to where she was; but the next time he flew instead of going on a little branch bridge.

WHO TAUGHT THE LITTLE BIRDS?



6. Bible story reviewed.

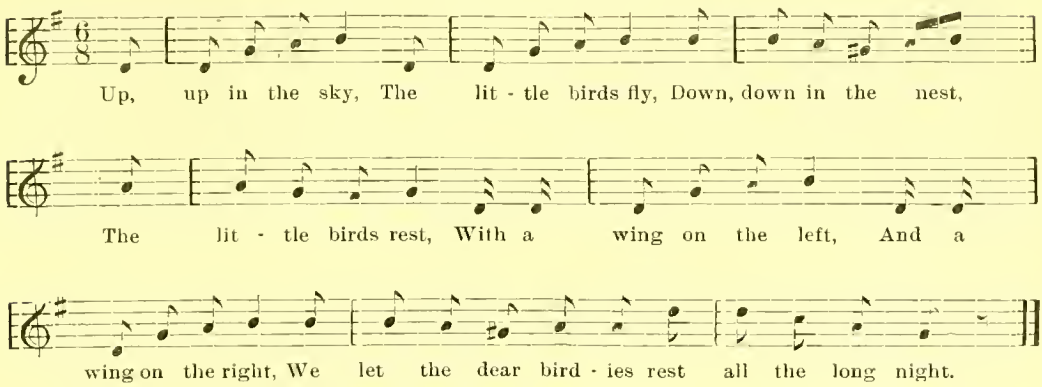
Will you all think for a short time of the story I told you last Sunday of Christ? then I want you to help me tell it. Once Christ sent His disciples onto a ship and they were to go where? After they went

on the ship, where did Christ go, and why did He go there? What happened? What did Jesus do when He saw the storm? When He went down to the shore how did He go out to the ship? How did His disciples feel? Were they afraid when they knew it was Jesus? What did Peter say to Jesus? Then what did he (Peter) do? What happened after he had gone a little way? Why did he sink? Yes, he was afraid. What did Jesus do then and what did He say to Peter? *O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*

7. Song.

Sing the following as a rest:

Up, up in the sky,
The little birds fly,
Down, down in the nest,
The little birds rest,
With a wing on the left,
And a wing on the right,
We let the dear birdies
Rest all the long night.



Up, up, etc., raise hands up. Down, down, etc., let the left hand be a nest, the right the little bird in it. With a wing, etc., first put hands to left. then right.

Give a sense game, either one that has been given, or the following: Take a picture with several different things in it, hold it before the children a few seconds or quickly pass it about and see if they can tell what there was in the picture, (Let only one at a time talk). Have some child blind their eyes and then tell about the different pictures and things in the room.

8. Story.

"The Farmer and the Raindrop."

There was once a farmer who had a large field of wheat. He plowed and planted it and harrowed it with great care, for he knew that by and by it would give him food for his family. After he had worked very hard he saw the wheat begin to wither, and droop for want of rain, and he feared he would lose his crop.

He felt very badly and went out every day to see if there was any hope of rain, for he had no way to water his wheat.

One day as he stood out in the field looking at the sky and praying in his heart that rain might come, two little raindrops up in the clouds over his head saw him and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer! I feel very sorry for him, he has taken so much pains with his field of wheat and now it is all drying up. I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only one little raindrop, what can you do? You cannot even wet one hillock."

"Well!" said the first "I can't do much but I'll do what I can. I'm going to drop on the field to show my good will, so here I go."

Down went the raindrop, and it fell right on the farmer's nose.

"Dear me!" said the farmer, putting his hand to his face, "what is that! A raindrop. I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first raindrop had no sooner started than the second one said, "Well, if you are going down, I will go too, here I come."

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what the two little raindrops were talking about, and when they saw them go down to help the poor farmer, said one, "I'll go too," "And I," said another, "And I," said a third, and so a whole shower of them came, and the wheat was watered and it grew and ripened and late in the summer it was gathered into great stacks and carried to the barn.

Then the threshers came and the wheat was made ready for the miller who ground it up into flour, and the farmer and his family had plenty of bread all through the year, so they were very happy and never forgot to thank the Lord because their prayers were answered.

9. Children's Period.

10 Sing.

"In a Hedge." (Smith 56.) Closing prayer.

THIRD SUNDAY, MAY 21st.

Thoughts for teacher: — "Faith and Prayer."

1. Hymn. Choose.

2. The Lord's Prayer.

3. Song.

Hill, p. 6, with words adapted as given last Sunday.

Good morning Sunday School room,
  With walls and pictures bright,
Good morning to the children too,
  Who come here with delight.
Our little chairs have waited here,
  For every child so long.
We come to join this sunny, (rainy, cloudy) day,
  In happy work and song.

Suggestions for the teacher: The question has been asked many times, "Which is best, to give the nature talk first or to give the Bible lesson while the children are quiet?" There should be no great line drawn between the "Nature talk" and the "Bible lesson." The *one* should be just as full of truth and religion as the *other*.

Frederich Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, tells us that nature stands between God and man and is God's interpreter, that the more God's children here on earth know of nature the better they know their Father which is in heaven.

The nature story should lead up to the Bible story if possible, the thought for the teacher (given each month) being the underlying thought for the day's work.

From my personal experiences I prefer to give the nature work first, starting with the every-day things which surround us each day of the week, and going step by step until the minds or thoughts of the children are led to the higher things of life. If the teacher be well prepared and alive, the time will never drag nor her children grow unmanageable.

Consider your special class and arrange your program to suit the conditions by which you are surrounded. Much depends upon the thorough preparation of the teachers. Each one should strive to find the lesson, or underlying truth, for herself and not give the words without the spirit.

The Bible lesson for today is, "The Israelites crossing the Red Sea." To

illustrate more clearly than has been done before how the day's lessons may all be connected, I call attention to this Sunday's work.

Remember the thought for the teacher: Faith and Prayer. If one or more of the children have brought flowers or grasses use them as your starting point. If nothing of the kind has been brought, ask about how the flowers are growing, how the trees look, etc.

4. Lesson.

As I came to Sunday School this morning I saw these growing right on the bank of the ditch, (show dandelions or something which you gathered), and there were more on the other side of the ditch but I could not get across where they were. If you saw some pretty flowers on one side of the stream and you were on the other side, how would you get across to get them? (Talk of the different ways: jumping wading, stepping stones, board, bridge, etc.) When the stream is small or not very deep jumping or crossing on stones will do, but when the stream is large or wide and deep then somebody must make a way before we can get across, and that somebody is the carpenter who makes a good, strong bridge with wood and nails.

Sometimes we live on one side of a large ditch (creek or river), and our grandma, or someone we love very much, lives on the other side, and if there was no bridge we could not see each other perhaps for a long time.

How do the birds, butterflies and bees get over? (Name other things if you choose). (How does what we do show our faith)?

8 Story.

I was told a story, when I was a little girl, about a boy who was called to go on a long journey to take an important message (letter, book, which may be best understood) to some people who lived far, far from his home. He had a very dear mother, and she was sorry to have her boy leave her, but she knew it was right for him to go, so she put her arms around him and said: "Now, don't be afraid, for I shall be praying for you, and God will take care of you."

Then the boy kissed his mother goodbye, and as long as he could see her he would turn and wave his hand to her: by and by she was out of sight. In a little while he came to a stream of water which ran across his path. "How can I get over?" thought the boy. Just then a white duck swam up the stream and it seemed to say to him, "There is always a way to get over the stream. Follow me! Follow me!"

So the boy followed the duck till he came to a row of great stepping stones, and he jumped from one to another, counting them as he went. When he reached the seventh he was safe across and he turned to thank the duck. And then he called:

White duck, white duck, swimming so gay,
Carry a message for me today:
My love to my mother, wherever she be,
I know she is always thinking of me.

The duck swam back and the boy went on his way.

Oh! there were so many beautiful things to hear—the birds singing and the bees humming, and so many beautiful things to see—the flowers, butterflies, bees and green grass! And after a while he came to a wood (explain), through which flowed a creek, which was much larger than the stream he had crossed a short time before. "I wonder how I can get over," said the boy, and the wind seemed to whisper, "There is always a way to get over the stream. Follow me! follow me!" He followed the way the wind blew and there was a tree which had fallen across

the creek so he could make his way over. After thanking the wind he said:

Wind, wind, blowing so gay,
Carry a message for me today;
My love to my mother wherever she be;
I know she is always thinking of me.

The boy then hurried on once more, through fields where clover grew and the white sheep and baby lambs were feeding in the sunshine. On one side of a large meadow flowed a silver, shining river. The boy wandered along the bank for some distance for he knew he must get across. At last he came to where a carpenter was busy at work, and the carpenter said, "There is always a way to get over the stream. Follow me! Follow me!" And he led the boy where he and his men were building a bridge of iron and wood that reached from bank to bank. The boy ran over the bridge in safety, and after thanking the carpenter, he said:

Carpenter, carpenter, on your way!
Carry a message for me today;
My love to my mother wherever she be;
I know she is always thinking of me.

Again he hurried on singing as he went. By and by he heard an answer to his song, and he knew it was the great sea calling. When he reached the shore, where the blue waves were dancing, he saw no duck nor wise wind to help him. No tree in the forest could bridge the waters over, and the carpenter and his men were far away, but soon he clapped his hands with delight, for there was a ship with snow-white sails. "I knew there would be a way," said the boy as he hurried on deck and went sailing over the deep blue sea—sailing, sailing, sailing, day after day, night after night, over the beautiful sea.

At night the stars would look down, twinkling and blinking; and as the boy watched them he would say:

Little stars, little stars, shining so bright!
Carry a message for me tonight;
My love to my mother wherever she be;
I know she is always praying for me.

At last the long journey was ended and the message of truth was given to the people to whom it had been sent, and now that his mission was ended the boy could return home to his mother.

When he reached home he ran joyfully into his mother's arms, and with a happy smile said, "Mother, mother, I knew you were always praying for me and God has been my friend."

Note for teacher:

In regard to the relating or connecting of things which seem to us apart Froebel very often refers to the bridge. Christ is the mediator between man and God. When we pray we ask for what we want in His name. Please note the following quotation carefully: "Family and home are themselves a mediation of opposites. They bridge that deepest of all chasms which separate earth from heaven. Teach your child, therefore, to recognize the inner in the outer (spiritual and temporal); to discern in the house the symbol and safeguard of family life; to revere in Him who creates the invisible sign a type of Him who confers the spiritual blessing. In a word, make his gratitude toward the carpenter a point of departure for awakening his gratitude toward Him who sent the capenter's son to live on earth, in order that the sternest contradictions of life might be solved and the abodes of men become homes of peace and joy and divine indwelling

With this ideal in mind, lead your child to build, in play, the reconciling bridge, and thus through a uniting deed to gain his first foreboding of the truth that in himself and through his own self-activity he must find the solution of all contradictions. Show him this truth again in your own life, and, above all, in the mediatorial life and teachings of Him who on

earth was the carpenter's son. So shall the visible bridge which the child carpenter builds be one link in the chain of experience by which he spans the gulf between things seen and things unseen, and learns to recognize in the carpenter's son the beloved Son of God and the mediator between himself and God." — *Froebel's Mother plays, page 221.*

6. Rest Exercise.

Go through motions of making a bridge, sawing, hammering, planing, measuring, etc. If music is desired see Carpenter song, Hill, p. 66. The words of the song need not be learned unless desired.

7. Bible Story. Israelites Crossing the Red Sea.

A long, long time ago, in a country far away, there lived some people called Israelites. And the Lord loved them for they were His chosen people, but sometimes they forgot the Lord.

They were living in the land of Egypt and had to work very hard for the king and his people who were called Egyptians.

At last they had to work so hard that they cried unto the Lord and prayed that He would deliver them from bondage so that they could be free, like we are, to work or rest.

The Lord heard their prayers and He sent a good man named Moses to help them.

Moses went to the king, whose name was Pharaoh, and asked him to let the Israelites, the Lord's people, go away into another land, but Pharaoh would not, because he wanted them to be his servants, and after that he made them work harder than ever so they would not have time to pray.

The king would not listen to Moses, so the Lord sent flies and frogs and hail and darkness and other awful things to plague the Egyptians until, at last, the king said the Israelites could go; so they took gold and silver and fine clothes and sheep and everything they could, and hurried away.

The Lord sent a pillar of cloud (explain) to show them the way to go in the day time, and a pillar of fire at night to give them light, and to guide them far away from the wicked king.

At last they came to the Red Sea and they did not know how they could get across to the other side for they had no boats nor ships to go in.

After the Israelites had gone the Lord wanted to show King Pharaoh that He was the true Lord and could protect His people, so Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and the king felt sorry that he had let the Israelites go free, so he called all of his soldiers and men together and they followed the Israelites to take them back to Egypt.

When the Israelites saw the Egyptians coming they were very much afraid and prayed unto the Lord for help. The Lord told Moses to lift up his rod, or stick which he carried, and to spread out his hand over the sea and that the waters would divide so they could go through on dry ground.

Moses told the people that the Lord would take care of them; then he did as he had been commanded, and the waters divided and rolled back to the right and to the left making two high walls, and the Israelites passed between them on dry ground.

When the Egyptians tried to follow, Moses again stretched forth his hand and the waters rushed together (illustrate with hands), covering soldiers, chariots and horses so that none of them were saved

"Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hands of Egyptians. And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did, and the people believed the Lord and his servant Moses."

8. Children's Period.

9. Closing Good-bye Song.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MAY.

Burst forth, oh rose and lily buds!
  Snowball and lilac, bloom;
And all the flowers of field and hill,
  Send out your rich perfume;
And greet the smiling month of May,
  Which gives us Decoration Day.

With gentle and caressing touch,
  Oh mortals! cull the flowers;
In reverence for the Hand unseen,
  Which plucks these mates of ours.
The infant fair, the soldier brave,
  No heart but knows some loved one's grave.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

VII.

In the springtime of life, though we joy or we sorrow,
  Our hearts are still eager for gladness and cheer;
And ever we dream of a brighter tomorrow,
  And hope is more buoyant than doubting or fear.
The worth of true comradeship naught can excel;
  Oh pity young hearts that in loneliness dwell.

A Happy Day. More New Friends.

MAY RAFTON, at first, scarcely recognized the boy shoemaker in the young gentleman who presented himself at her door early Saturday morning. She was not looking for a boy in an entirely new and handsome suit of clothes, with neat collar and necktie and a very becoming dark-gray hat. When she did really discover that it was her new boy friend, her first thought was, "Oh Carl! you should have worn your every day, working clothes, and not your 'Sunday best,' for picking berries and scrambling over the rocks and through the bushes." But she was hardly well enough acquainted with Carlos to be quite so out spoken to him yet, and besides she had all her scholars and their interests to think of that morning, and could bestow but small attention upon one, and that a new one, not of her school.

She took time, however, to give Carl a hearty hand clasp, and to say, "Good morning. I am glad you have brought that bucket of eggs, Miss Aurd will be delighted, she wants some for Saturday's cooking, and some of the neighbors have been here to see if we had any to spare. Take them right into the kitchen, Carl, and Miss Aurd will empty the bucket for you and let you have it to pick berries in."

Carl did as he was told, and Miss Aurd gave him his bucket and the money for the eggs. And then the Rafton children came along, and asked him to take a hand at carrying the lunch baskets, with which they were quite well loaded.

They walked off to the schoolhouse, where they were all to be "marshaled" by their teacher and her chosen assistants,

ready to march to the "berrying ground." They were to find a nice, shady place, up the creek, where they could rest and eat lunch, when lunch time should come.

Carlos was by no means aware how much his new clothes had to do with the good opinion everyone seemed to form of him that day. He scarcely thought of his clothes at all His thoughts were that all the children of Berryville must be out on that occasion of "fruit picking and picnicing." And although he at first felt awkward and shy, having never been accustomed to associating with other children. his embarrassment soon wore off, for everyone seemed so sociable and good-natured and kindly disposed toward him. He was quick and light footed and keen eyed; and within the first half hour, proved himself a hero at finding and picking the fine wild currants and raspberries which grew in great abundance all along the creek. And being of an exceedingly generous nature, he was ever ready to help others, not preferring himself. So it was no wonder that crowds followed wherever he led, and that he was made happier for that one day than he had ever hoped to be since the death of his mother, which had occurred only two months before, but had seemed at times like a century to the lonely boy.

As Carl held up a loaded currant stem for a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked girl of eleven years to pick the fruit off, that little maiden spoke up gaily to him, saying,

"I know who you are, Carl Hetherly, but you don't know me." Carl laughed a little at this challenge, and answered politely, "I know where you live, young lady—at the pretty stone cottage, where there are so many flowers—and that your brothers call you Fawn."

It was the maiden's turn to laugh now, to think that so important a young gentleman as Carl was fast growing to be should have already discovered so much concerning her. She did laugh, harder than Carl had done, it is so easy for young hearts that feel no weight of cares to be merry.

"How did you learn all that about me?" she asked pleasantly.

"By passing your place in coming to town and returning home," Carl answered. By this time the little girl was ready to talk on without restraint, until Carl had learned that her real name was Elfonda, which had been given her because an Indian woman of that name had cured her mother when she was dying. That her father was Judge Lotzie, that she and her mother grew flowers because they loved them, and because they could sell some of them and make for themselves a little pocket money that way.

"There is a very rich lady that lives on the other side of the creek from here, who buys many of our flowers," Elfonda continued. "Have you ever been over the Berry creek bridge?" she asked. Carl admitted that he had not.

"It is quite a long distance to the bridge," Elfonda went on. "I hardly ever go to it, because there is a little plank crossing so much nearer. Papa tells me the plank is not very safe, but I never feel afraid while crossing on it."

Someone spoke to Carl just then, and wanted to know if he was the boy that mended boots and shoes so well.

He smiled pleasantly back at Elfonda, as he turned to meet the newer acquaintance who was speaking to him from a berry bush a few feet away from where he stood.

It was a young man, apparently eighteen or nineteen years old, who was seeking his acquaintance now. "You are Carl Hetherley, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. And you?" was Carl's answer.

"My name is Teddy O'Lang," said the young man. And Carl noticed a certain

brogue in his pronunciation which agreed with the name he gave.

"And this youngster is my brother Jemmy," continued Teddy, half lifting a forlorn looking, pale faced little boy, by the back of his shirt and his suspenders, he had no coat on. "We've been tramping for days now, and our shoes are grinning too broadly at us, and we'd like if we could get you to mend them for us before we go forward on the road again."

"Certainly, I'd do it for you now if my tools were here," said Carl. "When do you go on? Can you stay over tomorrow and Monday? If you do, I can fix your shoes up all right for you."

"We can as well stay that long as not, if we can find a place to stop at," said Teddy.

Carl only took a moment to think before replying to that sentence. In that moment, the thoughts that coursed through his mind were, "How shall I feel when I go back to my lonely home tonight, after spending such a day with so many kind and attentive fellow creatures? Shall I ever be happy there again with no one to speak to but the chickens? Almost any kind of human company will seem better to me than no company after this, I believe. These boys have no place to stay in, and I have plenty of room, plenty of bedding and plenty of food. I ought to ask them home with me, and I will."

And so it happened that after a very, very happy day, with nothing to mar the peace of it, the two strangers in Berryville, Teddy and Jemmy O'Lang, went home with the boy shoemaker to be his guests for—well, the length of time was not discussed or taken into consideration, and was, therefore, not decided upon.

Carl did not worry now over injuries which his new clothes had received, or anything else. He still felt rich and he had friends. He was happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

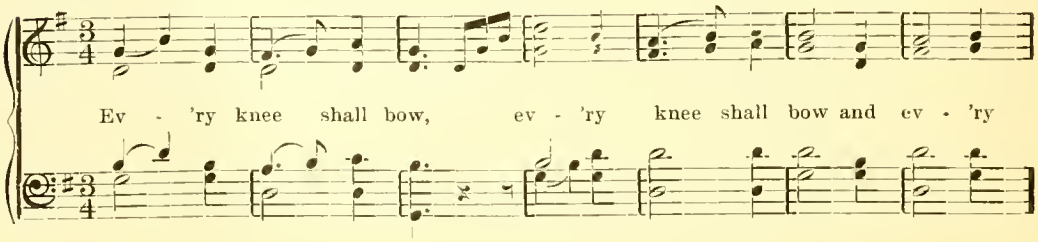
RIGBY, IDAHO.

I thought I would write a letter. We live on a ranch three miles from town. Near our house is a large pond of water. We have ducks that swim on it all day and would stay on it all night but my sister and I get them off and drive them into the coop so that they will be safe from wild animals. We also have a rabbit that is as white as snow. It came here and lives around the stacks of hay, but it will not let us get close to it. I am six years old.

WANDA LESSEY.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

Words by H. W. Naisbitt. Music by J. G. Fones.



tongue con - fess that Je - sus is the Christ, ev - 'ry knee shall

how, ev - 'ry knee shall bow, and ev - 'ry tongue con - fess that

rit.

Je - sus is the Christ, that Je - sus is the Christ.

Allegro Moderato.

1. 'Twas long a - go de - creed we know, That un - to Him "each knee should bow,
2. The world is His, by Him - 'twas made, By Him redeemed, sin's debt He paid,
3. Oh what a no - ble mis - sion ours, To build life's day with hap - py hours,
4. The battle may be fierce and strong, Opposing hosts may it pro - long,
5. From earth all ig-nor - ance shall flee By truth proclaimed from sea to sea,

and ev - 'ry tongue confess" and show that Je - sus is the Christ! 'Tis a - ges
For sin - ful man He died and prayed, That all might learn of Christ. The heavens
By con - se - crat - ing all our powers, To win the world for Christ. The Priesthood
But we shall chant earth's grandest song, By winning it for Christ! U - surp - ing
For ev - 'ry man shall be made free To win the world for Christ! Then Zi - on

since the Lamb was slain, Who promised He would come a - gain, With all His
approved, His welcome rang, And an - gel hosts by le - gion sang, While peal on
un - to us is given, The Gospel is the precious leaven, The Truth re-
power hath had its day, It's tyrant rule hath had full sway, But now there
shall a - rise and shine, And wheel the nations in - to line, To greet their

rit.

Saints to rule and reign An - oint-ed as the Christ, Anointed as the Christ.
peal the choirs outrang, To greet a - gain the Christ! To greet a - gain the Christ!
vealed from highest heav'n, Re - garding God and Christ. Regarding God and Christ.
dawns a brighter day; We'll win the world for Christ! We'll win the world for Christ!
King by right di - vine, The long ex - pect - ed Christ! The long ex - pect - ed Christ!

CHORUS.

We'll win the world for Christ, we will, O yes, we will . .

O

. . . . we surely will, will win the world for Christ, will win the world for

yes we will,

rit.

Christ, will win the world for Christ, will win the world for Christ.

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